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THE DAWN OF LIBERTY.

Around the world truth speaks in new-found voices;
The darkness flees and all the world rejoices.
The people's God has heard the people's plea;
It is dawn—the dawn of liberty.
God shakes all thrones; the jeweled crowns are falling.
"To serve, to serve!"—this is the clear cry calling.
The hosts of earth shall see a world set free;
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.
No longer shall the war lords strike with terror;
The end has come for darkness and for error.
The light of truth shall rest on land and sea;
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

—Thomas C. Clark.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.
FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

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GETTING READY FOR THE ADVANCE.

The time has not yet come when we feel like saying much or even thinking much of what is to come "after the war." The immediate task is too great and too exhausting to leave much energy for speculation as to the demands of the future. Yet there is one great conviction that should be setting hard in the minds of all Christian men, like a massive foundation prepared long in advance for a building yet to be. And this is the stirring expectation of a determined forward movement in the Kingdom of God—a vigorous offensive for the extension of the cause of Jesus Christ, to be pushed with an enthusiastic intensity of devotion such as our day has never seen. It is for us to seize upon this expectation by faith, think of it, talk of it, prepare for it, so that it may gradually lay hold on men's imaginations and win their thoughtful consent to its reasonableness and necessity. The nations have been united to an almost unbelievable extent in the sacrificial agony of war. It is God's will to unite them also, as we had never thought possible, in the gladness of a sacrifice of love for the bringing of God's peace on earth.

We all admit that society—and especially the society and brotherhood of the church can never be again as it was before these cataclysmic years. If the tens of millions of men from field and camp and prison return home saying, We have had enough of privation and sacrifice for the sake of others, now we are going to get a few of the world's good things for ourselves, and take some satisfaction for what we have lost,—if they return and we receive them in such a temper, then our last estate will be worse than our first. But that must not be!

They will return with the high spirit of adventure and sacrifice and discipline strong upon them. They will have looked with loathing upon the hell of misery that self-will, even an intelligent and scientifically educated self-will, can create of human society and will have recognized that only the principles of Jesus can transmute that hell into a sunlit peace. What use is the church to make of this roused spirit of adventure and sacrifice in its young men, coupled with their sense of society's need for redemption from what has been its curse? Shall we not claim them by faith for the great adventure of spreading our Lord's reign over the hearts of men?

They have risked their lives once and saved them out of battle, and come home to spend them as best they can. We cannot see them slowly suffocated by the creeping poison of a smug selfishness. Let them hear again the call to the heroic, "He that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's the same shall find it." The heroic in them will be ready to answer, even for a second time. They have seen the earth laid waste and have lived among the tears of women and children. Will not many of them gladly spend their lives to make earth's homes smile again, in the gladness of Him whose kingdom is righteousness and joy and peace? And how about the boys a little younger, for whom the war ended just too soon to allow them to get to the front, and in whom the restless hunger for a chance to give themselves to their country seems turned back upon itself? Can they not be made to see in our Lord's great campaign of redemption the chance of their lifetime, still inviting?

It is a most reasonable expectation. Contrary to what we had supposed likely, the message from all non-Christian lands is one of increasing opportunity and need of laborers. There is demand for a great increase of messengers of God's love; and not only in so-called heathen lands, but everywhere among the homes of men. We have seen at work the awful forces of destruction—Shall not an army of constructive forces be let loose upon the world under God's blessing, in a new alliance for human blessing?

Unless we are heroically determined on a bold forward movement in the Church of God, in an aggressive campaign for the gospel of God's love, we shall be derelict to the call of the hour. We cannot too soon or too confidently begin to think and plan and pray for the training and organization of this new army, not of death but of life. Statistics can hardly reckon how much the allied nations will have spent to "make the world safe for democracy." What will this new generation spend to back up the prayer that should be the prayer of distressed peoples everywhere, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth."

H. K.

RESUMPTION OF HISTORICAL ARTICLES SETTING FORTH THINGS HIGHLY CREDITABLE TO THE CHURCH.

The Editor of The Pacific is glad that he has found time at last to write the first of his three or four concluding articles on the College of California—and place for it in The Pacific this week. We do not know how widely this story has been read, but do know that the articles have been hailed by several persons of prominence in educational, literary, and historical circles, as eminently worth while, as chapters of real value in California history. We feel that they set forth much not widely known, things not to be ascertained except by such careful research as has been made in their preparation, and that when finished they will have corrected several errors in books and in magazine articles hitherto regarded as authoritative.

Much recounted will redound to the credit of the Church—an institution the influence of which has not always been recognized in California as it should be.

Next week we shall have to prepare an article concerning an event of far-reaching importance on the Pacific Coast the first week in August 1851, and so The Story of the College of California will have one more interruption; but in The Pacific for August 8 it will be resumed and in a few short articles carried to a conclusion.

Several persons have expressed the hope that the articles would be published in pamphlet-book form, but that cannot be done inexpensively enough to allow it at present. Those already printed have not been kept in type, and it would be necessary to reset the whole, and in different type and measure.

DR. AKED MAKES A SUGGESTION.

The Christian Work, a New York religious journal, nas been publishing comments solicited from leading clergymen on the recent statement by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as to what in his judgment the church of the future must be if it is to exert to any extent any influence in the world. One of approval from Dr. Gladden was published in an early issue in July, and in the issue for July 11 appeared one from Dr. Aked, who expresses the conviction that it is a glorious thing to have such proposals made at this time by such a man as Mr. Rockefeller. Dr. Aked quotes in his article from a sermon given by him in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in 1908 in which he told his congregation that he had dared to dream of some great temple of the Living God in New York City wherein should gather for worship all good men and good women who desired to worship God only in spirit and in truth. "It shall not be Protestant nor Catholic. It shall not even be Aryan or Semite It shall be built, if you like, by a Christian and endowed by a Jew. It shall learn from the prophets of every name whom God has sent to every age and people. It shall hold fellowship with all who have purely lived and bravely died. It shall unite all who love for the sake of all who suffer." And strange as it may appear, Dr. Aked quoted from John Wesley words which were held to support the orthodoxy of such a church. In the course of his article Dr. Aked refers to some of his findings, as he has been traveling all over the country the last two years. So far as the Sunday evening service goes, he says that thousands of churches have gone out of business. A study of the far-flung implications of what he has seen, he declares has made him sick to the very soul. Largely, where the evening service is maintained, there is no preaching of the gospel as of old—"in thousands, probably tens of thousands of instances, even the form, the pretence of preaching the gospel has been abandoned." This, he finds, all the way from Boston to Seattle.

Inasmuch as the editor of Christian Work asked of the ministers that they be positive and constructive in their comments, Dr. Aked proceeds to make some suggestions. He believes that the time has come for an organized effort to proclaim those things "now most assuredly believed amongst us." He would not have the message labeled and heralded as "liberal theology" or "new" something or other, but as "the Gospel of the Kingdom"—a phrase hallowed by its origin and by the meaning it bore in the earliest evangelical tradition: "And Jesus went about in Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom."

Dr. Aked's idea is this, that a few of the leaders of American Christianity be set apart for several months' experiment, holding united meetings—afternoon conferences, and evening public meetings in important centers—in which shall be set forth the realities of the religion of Christ to which the Church must pin its faith and on the foundations of which it must unite and work if it is not to be more and more a waning influence. His judgment is that existing local organizations, such as church federations, should not be asked to do the work—that this would awaken opposition and enflame controversy. However, he says: "A new organization we do not want, and we must resist the temptation to set about creating one." Finally, he puts it up to Mr. Rockefeller to lead.

In the course of his article Dr. Aked makes a summary of Mr. Rockefeller's declarations: "Mr. Rockefeller would displace no ordinance, abandon no practice dear to believing hearts. He would preserve them with all their spiritual beauty and all their helpfulness, for those who can profit by them. He asks us not to make of baptism or the Lord's Supper or of any creed, no matter how passionately believed to be true, the banner of our contradictions and the symbol of our controversies. He refuses to believe that if Christ came to earth he would recognize the observance of ordinances or their non-observance, or the acceptance or rejection or modification of credal statements as justification of the division of Christian forces and consequent dissipation of their energy in face of the common enemy."

It is worthy of note that President Faunce of Brown University, a Baptist leader, tells the people of his denomination that though it is theoretically bound to no creed save the New Testament it has for two generations been devoting much of its energy to "discussions over the meaning of a Greek verb and over the proper fencing of the Lord's table,"—and unwisely so. Dr. Faunce states in Christian Work that Baptist leaders are now in wide revolt and will go on to secure a church "at least as wide open as the kingdom of heaven—a Church in which all who are united in Christ by irrevocable self-dedication shall find greeting and full fellowship."

A NEED FOR CATHOLICITY.

The Editor Emeritus of the Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, expresses the conviction that the current of Christian union sentiment in various leading denominations is much wider and deeper than most people realize; and "the arrangement for a joint committee of the Disciples of Christ and Congregationalists to meet face to face and take up frankly and boldly the obstacles in the way of unity looks like business." Dr. Garrison writes that he can imagine a Disciple saying in substance: "More than a century ago the fathers of this movement, realizing the evils of division among the people of God, set out to find common New Testament ground on which all Christians could unite. We have been urging this plea for union on these fundamental principles, as they seemed to us, until we have gathered and organized a great religious movement. But it was never the intention of our leaders to build up another distinct religious body, and our seeming to have done so is the result of the unwillingness of our brothers in other religious bodies to accept the principles of union we have advocated. Now we have come to ask you to point out to us what modifications you would have us make in our proposed basis that will make it more catholic and more loyal to Christ's authority and spirit. We know only in part, and it is not improbable that we may have erred. Show us the larger truth, and we shall be your debtors!"

Well, now, since suggestion has been made we would point out this modification: Cease insisting on baptism by immersion as a requisite to church membership. That would be more catholic. But here's the difficulty—no sooner would such a suggestion be made in a conference than our Disciple, or "Christian," brethren would begin to contend that it was not according to Christ; and unless there has been much more of a change in Disciple ranks than we are aware of at this time, not much headway would be made.

The Christian Century, a Chicago religious journal, representative of the most progressive element in the Church of the Disciples of Christ, remarks in its issue for July 18: "The practice of demanding baptism of Presbyterians, Congregationalists and such like Christian people who may desire to have fellowship in our congregations has long rubbed sore the souls of those among us who really desire to practice Christian union." And the Chris-

tian Century rejoices over a breaking away from this in a few instances. But we are not aware of such a position being taken by the Christian Evangelist. And the Christian Standard would actually believe that the heavens would fall if such modification should become general Yet the entering wedge that will bring it some day, in our judgment, was inserted when our Disciple brethren admitted that unimmersed persons were Christians. In one way and another that admission has become general.

The Christian Century tells us that the "conviction of a large fellowship, a fellowship as large and wide as the whole Church of Christ, is spreading with great rapidity" in the Church of which it is representative.

THE STORY OF THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA—THE CATHOLICITY AND GENEROSITY OF WHOSE FOUNDERS MADE POSSIBLE THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Article V.

Our last article (in the issue of The Pacific for April 4) showed that the College of California was in sound financial condition when it was turned over to the State and became the nucleus of the University of California. It set forth also the fact that the College could have continued and would have continued if it had not been evident to its founders and supporters that only by the merger could the educational needs of the young men and young women of the State be met for many years. Standing apart neither the College nor the proposed State institution could supply for a long time what was lacking. Together they could do it. Accordingly the College of California gave up its corporate existence and became a part of the University of California. When the last of this series of articles has been written and printed, we believe our readers will realize that the College in giving its life saved it—that in the finality all therein that was of enduring worth will be found existing in and going out from our University. Many a defect marked the early years of the University, it lacked much, and continues to lack. But it is today a noble educational institution, and it will grow nobler as the years go on.

Inasmuch as the aim of these articles is in part to show the indebtedness of the University to the College of California, and thus to its founders and supporters, we shall begin now to set forth further what went into the College and passed over to the University. In a previous article it was shown that no large amount of money went into it. Now, some of the sources of that money will be pointed out, along with some of the efforts put forth to secure it; and then it will be shown more in detail than heretofore that much that was of far more value than money went into it and lives today in the University for the molding of life and character near and far.

From the time that the College of California was founded there was much interest in it in religious and educational circles in the East. When, in 1855, the College was chartered, Samuel H. Willey, who of course was chosen as one of the trustees, was in the East. He was commissioned to solicit funds. In October that year he prepared for distribution a pamphlet setting forth in brief the history of the institution from its beginning in 1853. It was stated therein why it was necessary to look to the East for aid. California was a new State. Only five years had passed since her admission into the Union and only a little more than six years since had begun that great rush of men from all parts of the world which demanded and made possible her statehood. Although fabulous sums had been taken in the aggregate from her gold fields and though there had been rich returns from various ventures and enterprises, there was but little surplus wealth from which to draw for the needed higher education. There were so many new causes and enterprises of common good calling for attention and upbuilding, as it had been theretofore in other new states, that such an institution as the College of California naturally would fall far short of what was necessary if it was to meet the educational need recognized by men of vision and of consecration to the highest things. There were of course various reasons why this effort to secure aid in the East, even to the extent that it had been secured in other western states, failed, but the main and practically insurmountable objection to it was that it seemed absurd to give money to a state from which were shipped every month millions of dollars in gold dust. The Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education in the West gave endorsement to the enterprise, but no funds either present or prospective were available.

Among the men interviewed and from whom donations were solicited, was Mr. C. R. Robert, who five years later founded and handsomely endowed Robert College, that far-famed educational institution in Constantinople. But the needs of the land by the Golden Gate did not appeal to Mr. Robert as a little later did the needs of the land about the Golden Horn; and so only a small contribution was made.

From William E. Dodge and Anson G. Phelps, men whose names have come down the years stamped with generosity, came only small donations. When Commodore Vanderbilt was called on he was found in bad humor because of untoward experiences in his Nicaragua Steamship line, and he had curses rather than good wishes for California.

This effort in the East brought in only a few thousand dollars, and it was necessary to go on in the former hampered way, doing a splendid service; but doing it under difficulties and through the self-sacrifice of devoted men.

In 1856 Horace Bushnell came to California in search of health and rendered to the College for several months a memorable service. We shall consider it in another article and refer here merely to his ideas and suggestions as to endowment and the sources from which it might reasonably be expected. Bushnell's judgment was that $500,000 was really needed; but that they could get along possibly on $300,000. Bushnell's words as we find them in a report to the board of trustees, were: "A considerable part of the sum proposed can be raised, I am confident, in the Atlantic states—provided there is first displayed by the people of California some just evidence to do what they can. All are debtors to California every day of the year. Many of them have made princely fortunes out of the trade and travel that connect the eastern with the western shores. A still greater number are persons who have been raised from poverty to riches by only a short stay in California and have gone back there to enjoy their gains, creating thus a heavy drain upon the state by the removal of property which justly belonged to the community in which it was acquired. It is inconceivable that so many men of wealth and commerce, holding California tributary to their own advancement, and knowing the very great impoverishment created here by the continual drain of earnings that go to their benefit and never return, should not be ready to acknowledge the obligation that rests upon them by generous and substantial endowments conferred on the institution now proposed. I think I know too, that the moneyed community of the Atlantic states very commonly admit these obligations, and even customarily speak of California in terms that imply a lively public interest, however much they deplore the vices of trade and social disorder so often discovered in her people. And these in fact should be an additional argument with them as they are with you."

In 1860 a second effort was made to secure in the East gifts toward an endowment. In 1859 an Eastern business man, without the knowledge of the trustees, wrote an article for the New York Independent in which it was said: "The business of this new State of California, as it may more or less affect six hundred million souls across the Pacific, should be guided by holy hands, that the lights of Christianity may glow in the wake of trade. * * * The shaping of this whole thing will be by that school in California which shall best furnish the pulpit, the bar, the medical and teachers' profession, the merchants, the mechanics, and husbandmen of the state. We take it that a dolar invested there today will bring better interest when our Lord's Kingdom has fully come than one hundred cents laid out in any other place. At the present period of the Church we deem this the most important charity on the Christian list."

Professor Kellogg who had come a few months before from his pastorate in Grass Valley to a professorship in the College was sent East in June, 1860, to solicit funds for the endowment. Among the persons giving hearty endorsement to the effort was that renowned preacher and leader, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, who wrote: "For several years I have watched with interest the movements of the friends of learning and religion in California towards establishing in that state a Christian college upon a comprehensive plan and an unsectarian basis. I have felt it to be the duty of the College Society at the East to do all in its power to foster such an institution upon the Pacific Coast. Every interest of education, of government, of society of religion, demands that such a college as is proposed under the charter for that at Oakland should be established at the earliest possible day, and beyond the possibility of failure. It is impossible for the Christian people of California to endow such an institition according to its present needs. It is equally impossible that the College Society should meet its growing wants. The plea for its endowment now made by the trustees through Professor Kellogg appeals to men of every name who love their country and the cause of Christ."

The college was seeking only $25,000 in the East, and Horace Bushnell said: "Professor Kellogg should have $200,000 in stead of $25,000. * * * I have no hesitation in saying that it is a matter of greater interest to religion and to the future of our great country than any twenty of the colleges of our new western states. Without it society in California has but a slender hope. The best families will return to educate their children, bringing their wealth with them, and the people left will be only adventurers, hoping to do the same."

Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock of Union Theological Seminary wrote: "A state like California without a college would be too much like a body without a brain. And in your circumstances you can have a college on no other basis than the one proposed." The Right Reverend William Bacon Stevens of Philadelphia wrote of the prospect of building up the College of California as "one of those great plans which stretch far into the future, the influence of which can be measured by no measuring rod of man's finite mind." And the East he said could confer no blessing so rich on the land of the setting sun as that of large aid in establishing it. Professor Edwards A. Park of Andover expressed the judgment that most benign results would flow from such an institution. Mark Hopkins, Leonard Bacon, Henry B. Smith, Dr. Storrs and others made hearty endorsement also of the efforts. But this second campaign, like the first five years earlier, was with but meager fruitage. Nine men out of every ten said to Profesor Kellogg: "California is rich enough to endow her own college. Why come here for money when there is so much in California?"

Notwithstanding the failure of the many efforts to secure adequate funds the College went steadily forward, doing year by year not only a good work but a notable work. We find in The Pacific for July 26, 1860, an editorial note in which it was stated concerning the first session of the College proper, that "the first class starts with a fine status which in itself is of more worth to the reputation and success of the College than a class of a hundred or more indifferent and slipshod students." And The Pacific went on to say: "The public in California may rest assured that the rank of scholarship inaugurated in the institution will be maintained so that it shall never be second or inferior to that of the most thorough going college of the East." At the same time it was stated concerning the College School, then the preparatory institution, that it had opened with the largest attendance in its history.

In 1863 the San Francisco Daily Bulletin stated that the College of California had "a curriculum not inferior to that of Yale or Harvard." It spoke of some of the students of that year as having made remarkable attainments, and it was stated on the authority of graduates of several Eastern colleges that on the whole the students would not suffer in comparison with those of the best colleges in the country. The Bulletin stated at that time: "The College proper is a separate affair from the College School and is not a gathering of lads just in the early stages of their classical course. It is composed of young men of serious views and purposes, with sober energy, heart, hope, aspiration and zeal—applying themselves to their studies, intending to become honored citizens of the great 'Republic of Letters."

In canvassing for funds after he had become vice-president of the College, Samuel H. Willey went one day to see James Lick, a man whose name is stamped enduringly on early California history. He had been acquainted with Mr. Lick somewhat for several years. He called on him at Alviso where he had a flour mill and where he was building an earthquake-proof house. He found him then in his little cabin at Alviso and as they talked they walked under the nearby trees. Dr. Willey wrote of the interview in 1887: "He received me kindly for he knew me, he listened to me patiently; but what I had to say made no more impression on him than on the fruit trees we were walking under. He had no idea of a college, or what it was worth; none whatever. He could see the use of a flour mill and of a fruit orchard, and of a hotel; but as to a college he knew nothing whatever about it and I have always thought that his providing in his will for the endowment of an astronomical observatory must have been the idea of somebody else and not at all of himself."

In the archives of the University of California are some papers and records turned over by the College of California —little pocket-record books and cash books among them, memoranda, etc., some of them pasted in old scrap books, from which we find from what sources came the money that supplemented the receipt for tuition for the carrying on of the work of the College of California.

The largest donation ever made was by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, $5,000 for library purposes. Other gifts by that company at various times brought its total up to $6,150. So far as those papers in the archives show, Mark Brummagim, who was a trustee from 1855 to 1864, was the next largest giver—a total of $3,430 of which amount $1,100 was given in 1855, and $1,280 in 1859. In the year 1890 Dr. Willey wrote in an article in The Pacific concerning Frederick Billings the man who gave the name of Berkeley to the College town, and a man of large generosity when fortune came to him in the East in later years —that he was the largest individual giver to the College of California, as he was to many other pioneer institutions and interests though not then a person of wealth. But we

find the total from Mr. Billings on the papers in the archives to have been $1,361. Mr. E. B. Goddard, a member of Howard Presbyterian Church when the College was started and later of the First Congregational Church of Oakland—whom Dr. Willey wrote of in his "Thirty Years in California" as one of the very earliest and most efficient workers for the College—gave $1,100 in 1855, and a total of $1903. We find from E. S. Lacy, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, a total of $750; from Deacon Ira P. Rankin, $740; from L. B. Benchley, $300; from A. G. Stiles, from whose widow in later years the University Y. M. C. A. received Stiles Hall, a total of $500. From Flint, Peabody and Company came $1,225. Most of the sums contributed were in amounts of $100 and $200 from year to year by the business and professional men of San Francisco and vicinity—the large majority of them persons of but limited means.

The total amount contributed in cash to Academy and College during the sixteen years was only $63,825.77. Of this sum $7,000 came from the East, from the Western College Society. Of the remainder, $47,147 was secured in San Francisco; $4,450 in Sacramento; $1,443 in Marysville; $1,208 in Oakland; $400 in Stockton; and from various places and sources, $2,177.77.

A total of a little more than sixty-three thousand dollars in sixteen years for Academy and College! Never was a better work done on resources so meager! While the College of California was thus going on large sums were given to Educational institutions in the East. Amherst received in the year 1864 a total of $110,000—in sums of $60,000, $30,000, and $20,000. Princeton received $130,000; Hamilton, $100,000; Bowdin $72,000; Yale $45,000. Indeed there was scarcely a college in the East of any standing which did not from year to year have donations larger than the total to the College of California during all the years of its existence from 1855 to 1868. Nevertheless when it surrendered its individual corporate existence and became a part of the University of California it was able to turn over its magnificent site of 160 acres in Berkeley, worth then not less than $160,000—today worth millions—and property in Oakland valued at $50,000, from which the University eventually realized much more. And in so doing the College of California through the secretary of its board of trustees and its vice-president commended the University "to the favor of God" and for "the good of mankind."

THE IDOL-MAKER PRAYS.

Great god, whom I shall carve from this gray stone
Wherein thou liest, hid to all but me,
Grant thou that when my art hath made thee known
And others bow, I shall not worship thee.
But, as I pray thee now, then let me pray
Some greater god—like thee to be conceived
Within my soul—for strength to turn away
From his new altar, when, that task achieved,
He, too, stands manifest. Yea, let me yearn
From dream to grander dream! Let me not rest
Content at any goal! Still bid me spurn
Each transient triumph on the Eternal Quest,
Abjuring godlings, whom my hand hath made,
For Deity, revealed but unportrayed!

—Arthur Guiterman,
In Harper's Magazine for July, 1918.

When a young fellow associates with people he does not wish his sister to know about, he has crossed the danger line.

THE PARABLE OF THE SCISSOR GRINDER.

The world is what we make it, say the wise-acres; and they say true. They might have added as wisely that we are also what we make the world. You all remember that quotation from Thackery about smiling at the world to win back smiles. Well, here is the jolly scissor grinder to illustrate the saying.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! That was the happy music his bell was making as he went down the village street. And in perfect time was the merry tune he was whistling. Women came to their doors to peek at him, the children quit their playing long enough to get a glimpse; and even the busy men stopped a moment to look at this jolly man, as he went whistling and ringing his bell and keeping step, all in one, as though it were holiday sport, this carrying his wheel on his back through the heat and weariness of the day.

But the day was not hot to him, and there was surely no weariness in his movements. He was as fresh this early afternoon hour as if he were starting out on a May morning. The people with their cares of heart, heavier than the pack on his back, looked at him and listened a moment to his merry tune, then they themselves stepped off more cheerily with lighter step and happier faces.

The grinder was full of tune,—from his finger tips and puckered lips, to his rhythmic toes. The Santa Claus beaming of his face and the buoyancy of his bearing made the day a beauty in the heart of the summer. Surely the roundness of his figure was as much the result of good cheer as of good digestion.

He met your look of pleased curiousity with a frankness that made you a little ashamed that you had been tempted to laugh at him, and ere you knew it, you were won over to his quick stepping and merry jingling. You could not stand apart from such a man. He made friends of all the men on the street; and every one who met him took away a blessing, though never a word had been spoken and never a nod given.

The fact of the matter was that the whistling grinder—whatever his cares might be—was brim full of happiness and as he went along he spilled it generously upon all people.

He had heartache, surely. Who does not? He had cares, surely. Where the man care-free? But the bravery of the man was in this, that he kept his worries to himself and flung abroad upon the world the merriment of his soul. Blessings be upon the whistling grinder! But they are already. His face, his tune, his elastic step—they all proved how full a measure of blessing was him.—E. C. O.

OPTIGRAMS BY HUGH ELMER BROWN.

Stevenson.

Stevenson preached the religion of healthy-mindedness; even though for twelve years his road ran through the Valley of Shadows.

From first to last, he believed in himself, his fellows and his God.

He insisted that most men and women live their lives with relish, enjoy their meals, make their jests and sleep through the night.

It is better to listen to Stevenson than to the current mouthings of a cheap cynicism or the fantastic philosophy of a sickless world.

He was always trying to "get back of beyond"; ever singing deep within himself "the beauty and the terror of the world."

He had a child-like heart; what Barrie calls the "power to be a boy again at will."

Says his friend: "His coming into the room was like the lighting of another lamp."

Advice to himself in a hard stretch of invalidism: "Ye will have to supple your backbone and think a wee bit less of your dainty self."

around us so much unconscious Christianity."

His was the gallant spirit which would "wind up one's watch on a sinking ship."

What scorn for flabby piety: "Without energy, repentance is a disease."

"To believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first needful to believe in life."

Failure is the stuff out of which success is made. "The most marked incidents in Scottish history were failures or defeats."

He hated pose and parade in religion; invertebrate and wordy sermons made him mad; rank conformity was his pet aversion.

He smiles at the old Scotch gardener who, "if the plant was good, would praise himself; if poor, would blame Providence for lack of rain."

There is no blinking at the downward sag in human nature: "The aboriginal man within us, still lusty as when he fought tooth and nail for roots and berries."

Environment is recognized as powerful: "Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck."

Evil has its fascinations, like "the genial dangers of the sea."

Many men keep an eye for the sunshine on the hills; an ear for the laughter of little children and the speech of gracious women."

"If you want a person's faults go to those who love him. They will not tell you but they know."

He found many flimsy imitators of the "bold and awful poetry of Job's complaint"; this doleful literature of woe grated upon his cheerful soul.

He testified to the liveableness of life. He struck the brave, vivacious note. He lived as "to the music of bugles."

He knew the joys of admiration; plucked courage from violent vicissitudes; drained a biter cup without whimpering; never wilted under the hottest sun; waded straight through all shallow agnosticisms.

SOME OF WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S LATTER DAY THOUGHTS AND MESSAGES.

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall dwell as comrades free;
In every heart and brain will throb
The pulse of one fraternity."

Yes, it will come! It was never so near as it is today. It seems that the world needed one more demonstration of the futility of war, and the war-lords have undertaken to furnish one. Evidently it will be conclusive. There will be no need of further argument. Do not sneer at the Palace at the Hague; we shall have abundant use for it ere long, as the meeting place of the humbled and contrite nations when they gather to reduce the armaments and to prepare the ways of peace.

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back quite too persistently—we had better go the other way. 'Forgetting the things that are behind—stretching forward to the things that are before,'—that is our slogan."

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For the body is not one member, but many. . . . And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it.—(I Cor. XII:14, 26.) Paul's primary reference is to the Christian society, the church, the body of which Jesus Christ is the head. But the law of solidarity which he lays down is the universal application. Man is a social animal, and this is the law to which all his associations are adjusted. The body of humanity is not one member, but many. We are so inter-related that the welfare of each is the concern of all. Human life can only be lived in organic relations in which gains and losses, pains and pleasures, joys and sorrows are shared; in which, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and if one member be honored all the members rejoice with it. This is not because of any social contract in which, as Jean Jacques figured it, we have got together and agreed that it should be so, but because we are so made that it must be so; we cannot live peaceably or prosperous on any other basis. We have the power, indeed, to ignore and disobey the law, but that is only the power to bring loss and misery and defeat upon ourselves. We are members one of another; that is the biological fact; and as all the members of the body co-operate for the welfare of the body, and as each finds its own health and strength in the common life to which it contributes, so do we, in all our social relations, seek the good of life by multiplying and sharing the things we have in common. It is possible, of course, for the feet to batter and bruise each other, and for the hands to claw the cheeks, and for the teeth to bite the tongue, but that kind of insanity is not prevalent; nobody thinks that anything is to be gained by strife among the members of the body. Each one of us is a walking ilustration of the law of social co-operation.

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It is evident that we have witnessed the dawn of the day when it will appear to all men that the law of solidarity governs all human kind; that nations as well as individuals and social classes, are members one of another; that nations and races are bound together by the fact of brotherhood; that the supreme good of humanity is a common good; that no nation can win real and lasting prosperity at the expense of other nations; that it is as true of the whole human family as of the group around the household hearth, that if one member suffers all the members share in the suffering, that if one member is honored all the members share in the honor.

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The fundamental fact of the Kingdom of Heaven is that it is the Kingdom of a Father, ruled by one who desires to be known as the Father of all men; that all men, therefore, are brothers. The fundamental law of this Kingdom is good will to all men, friendship for all men. Its obligation is sumed up in the words, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. And your neighbor is any human being, of whatever tribe or clan or color, to whom you may be of service. He may be a Philistine or a Moabite or an Amalekite, he may be a hated Samaritan, he may be a Roman centurion—anybody to whom you may have an opportunity of doing a good turn—he is your neighbor, he is your brother. This is the law of the Kingdom of heaven. And the Kingdom is here. For the King is here, always here. You have no need to seek Him behind palace gates; enter your own cabin and shut the door and He is there; nay, at any moment, in the loneliest desert or on the most crowded thoroughfare, you have only to breathe a wish and He is with you, "closer than breathink and nearer than hands or feet." And where the King is there the Kingdom must be. Whoever in heart and life seeks and purposes to obey the law of the Kingdom, is a

citizen of the Kingdom, and therefore the Kingdom is not a distant fact or a future fact but a present fact. Such was the mighty truth conveyed in this, which is, so far as we know, the first sentence that fell from the lips of the Founder of Christianity—His first utterance, as a public teacher. It condenses the message of His Gospel. And we can readily understand what a radical change must have been required in the minds of those who should intelligently accept it. There were, no doubt, some of those who first listened to it who had had some glimpses of the spiritual nature of the Kingdom, but to most of them it must have been a startling novelty. And the statement that the Kingdom was already present was a new idea, the newest and perhaps the most difficult to entertain that had ever knocked at the doors of their intelligence. To take it in and make it at home in their customary thinknig would be a revolutionary procedure.

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The message of Jesus was that all men are brothers, not may be; converted or unconverted, baptized or unbaptized, inside your national boundaries or outside of them; whether they speak your language or a language you cannot understand; whether they are of your color or some other color—all are the children of one Father, and all are brothers. That truth has never yet been heartily believed or consistently taught by the organizations that claim to be Christian churches. If anything is central in Christianity this is. Has it been made central in the teaching of Christianity during the nineteen centuries of its history? Not by any means. Look at the historic creeds. They are supposed to express the truths which are central and essential. What have they to say about the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man? Not much. The Apostles' Creed and the Nicence Creed both confess faith in "God the Father Almighty," maker of heaven and earth; His creatorship they acknowledge, but they have no hint of His universal paternal relation, and not a suggestion of the brotherhood of all His children. Is there anything about these central truths of Fatherhood and Brotherhood in the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican Church? Not a word. Is there any clear statement of them in the Westminster Confession of the Presbyterian Church, or the Savoy Confession of the Congregationalists? No. These ancient symbols are concerned about other things. They could not emphasize this doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood, for by their doctrine of the fall of man the fact of fatherhood was canceled; all men by the sin of Adam had become alienated from God and were under His wrath and curse; He was their Creator and they were His creatures, but there could be no paternal or filial relations between them until they were regenerated. They had to be adopted, before they could be His children. How could this central truth of the Gospel of the Kingdom be preached or taught by those who consistently held such beliefs? They could not be, and they have not have been.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own—
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And, in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
Or growth of it.

—George Herbert.

The man who tries to please everybody goes to bed tired.

Buy your umbrellas when the sun shines. They always go up when it rains.

EDWIN MARKHAM—THE POET OF DEMOCRACY.

In an article by A. Elwood Corning in the New York Sun, it is remarked: "Perhaps no living poet has endeavored so successfully to voice the spirit of democracy as Edwin Markham, whom William Dean Howells calls, now that James Whitcomb Riley has gone, the first of the Americans.' "

Markham sings:

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."

The writer of the article, who visited Mr. Markham recently in his home in the East, continues:

The thing which impresses you most in meeting the poet for the first time is his overflowing brotherlness. He has not lost the Western tincture, nor the passion for comradeship, for which an earlier American poet, Joseph Rodman Drake, was so much beloved. Nor has success obliterated the memory of a boyhood of toil.

Born in Oregon City, Ore., in 1852, Mr. Markham was, as a boy, reticent and thoughtful. This temperament he probably inherited from his mother, who is said further to have been a woman of great catholicity of taste and of a singular power of apt expression; she enjoyed a local reputation as a newspaper poet. The boy was young when his father died and the mother was compelled to place more and more responsibility on him. The burden was the management of a large cattle ranch at the base of the Suisun Hills in California. Markham tells us the ranch became his inspiration for as he tended the sheep

"Behind the mountan dim
The unrisen moon sent up a little rim
Of mystic light."

Three months of the year was all the boy could spend at school. It was a walk of eight miles. One day there chanced to come along a teacher full of the spirit of poetry. Soon the boy was lingering after school to hear read poems frm the classics. One poem in particular he remembers as making an impression on him. It was a song from Tennyson's "The Princess":

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Hearing poems read was not enough. He himself must own books of poetry. But how was he to secure money to purchase them?

He ploughed a neighbor's grain field for $20. It took him three weeks, but in the meantime he chanced to discover a half-forgotten cupboard in the brown house which stood at the foot of a hill Pope's Homer and a copy of Byron's poems. This copy of Byron is still in the poet's possession, and on the fly leaf he has written that "memory hangs around this old book as fragrance around a forsaken garden."

Another literary curiosity which Mr. Markham has kept is an old grammar. This he calls the "Dead Eye Dick" of his early years. Often when setting out in the morning to ride the range he would slip this little bok into his pocket for light reading. Whenever he stopped to rest he would take it out of his pocket.

This youthful beginning in the collection of books has been followed up. Today Mr. Markham has some 11,000 volumes. There is hardly a room in his home on Staten Island which does not contain books. They seem to be everywhere.

Philosophy is sheltered in one large case; literary crit-

icism in another. A whole room is devoted to the poets, in which are rare sets of Keats, Shelley and Byron. Of the American poets who have ceased to sing Emerson, in Mr. Markham's opinion, is the greatest; Poe, Lowell and Longfellow follow in the order named.

There is no hesitancy on the part of Mr. Markham in discussing his own work, past or present. In this way he often gets helpful suggestions. A book of his verse soon to be published will bear the title "France in Battle Flame," after the first poem in it. A new poem on which he has been engaged for some time is to be named "The Road to the Gallows Tree." It is to rival in length "The Ancient Mariner." It pertains to that realm between the world we know and supernatural.

Mr. Markham is proud of the great success of "The Man With the Hoe," of which over 125,000 copies have been sold. But it is not his favorite poem; he would rather have written "Virgilia" than anything that he has done, through "The Crowning Hour" and "Lincoln, the Man of the People," are close seconds.

Over tea and war cake, which Mrs. Markham had graciously provided, the poet read with dramatic power Byron's "Dream." Upon finishing the poem he stood up, placed the book on the table and threw back his head. His thick white hair fell over the collar of his frock coat; a bushy string tie hung carelessly upon his shirt bosom. His eyes were afire. You remember his creed, embodied in a quatrain which may be found in his last book, "The Shoes of Happiness":

"He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society reached San Francisco on Tuesday, returning from a trip to Alaska.

The first Sunday in August the Rev. W. W. Willard will begin a three months' supply engagement with First Church, Los Angeles.

Secretary Wikoff will speak on Congregational Church Work in Alaska at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday.

Professor Wicher, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, has gone to Egypt and Palestine for Y. M. C. A work with the British army.

The Rev. Dr. Silcox is listed for First Church, San Francisco, during August. Old friends and former hearers from all-around the bay are planning to hear him again.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer is at the Missionary Education Convention at Asilomar this week. He speaks also at the Y. W. C. A. Convention at Asilomar the latter part of this week and next.

The British Weekly says that Dr. Jowett "has achieved the very difficult feat of filling Westminster Chapel." The long narrow upper gallery had long been the despair of every preacher before him except Campbell Morgan.

The Rev. J. H. Mallows of San Dimas, California, is supplying the Congregational Church at Sheridan, Oregon, during his vacation. He called at The Pacific office on his day North, but not finding the Editor in, wrote on a card some heartening words as to the inspiration the paper was to him from week to week.

Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Owens of San Mateo are spending their vacation of a month picking fruit in the Santa Clara Valley in the vicinity of Sunnyvale. The pulpit is being supplied by George W. Dickie, Rev. H. J. Roberts of the Baptist Church of Sunnyvale, and Rev. A. E. Mackay, Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Camp Fremont

There has been a growing interest from the beginning in the Sunday Evening Forum in First Church, Berkeley. The concluding service in the series first planned will be next Sunday evening.. The address will be by Mr. Wallace Hatch, of the University of California Extension Staff. Topic: "Visual Instruction as an Educational Force."

The Rev. William Floyd, pastor of Ocean View Church, San Francisco, is again at his home in Oakland, after undergoing a critical surgical operation in a hospital, and is advancing finely toward recovery. His ministerial brethren hereabout have missed him from their fellowship and will give him royal welcome when he is mingling and working with them once more.

The Rev. Harold S. Tuttle, who has been living on a ranch in Southern Oregon for several years, has so far recruited in health as to be able now to take up other work. The first of August he will take a position as teacher of history in the high school at Coquille, Oregon. Later he will return to the pastorate, but does not feel quite equal to that as yet. Mr. Tuttle writes of the great pleasure he has had in reading The Pacific during his exile and pioneer experience. He sends greetings to friends. We congratulate him on the restoration of health so far gained, and hope to see him again in the pastorate in California.

At the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco last week, the Rev. A. B. Strong of Edmonds, Washington, gave an interesting account of the work of the Federated Community Church at that place. Six denominations are represented on the governing board. Four of the five officers in the women's society are Episcopalians. There are thirty men in the federated church work, and theretofore no church had more than three or four men. A white-haired man never before attracted to any of the churches was drawn to this movement at once and has made confession of Christ. A former Alaska miner is a convert and worker. In the group of ninety there are four who had been Catholics. The federated work has not united all the religious forces in Edmunds. The Methodists still stand apart. When it was started there was a Baptist organization of seven women. Four are co-operating. Three stand by the old water-craft.

The three addresses relating to the world war, given by Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale University, in Wheeler Hall on the grounds of the University of California, last week, were addresses of much interest and value. The three were together a ringing, convincing call to all his hearers to back up the Administration at Washington in such a manner that the work in which we as a Nation are engaged in conjunction with the allied nations will be so well done that nothing of the kind will ever need to be done again. Large crowds greeted Dean Brown. Daily papers had made a mistake in announcing the addresses—many understanding that the first was to be on Tuesday instead of on Monday. Nevertheless the hall was well filled on Monday. On Tuesday more than an hundred people had to stand through the address, and Wednesday between two and three hundred. One or two Sunday evenings in August Dean Brown is to speak in his former pulpit in Oakland, but dates have not yet been fixed.

OREGON.

Portland.

First Church has greatly enjoyed the sermons for several Sundays of Rev. James Robert Smith, D.D., of the People's Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Sunnyside Church, Dr. Staub, pastor, rejoiced on Sunday last in having in his pulpit for the morning sermon his friend and Seminary mate, Rev. Lincoln Wirt, who spoke on the "Spiritual Lessons of the War."

Rev. Dr. Brainerd, for several years pastor of our First Church, Ogden, Utah, has recently visited Portland, being manager of the Chautauqua Circuit, whose recent meetings have been at Gladstone Park, where among other lecturers was Rev. Lincoln Wirt. Dr. Brainerd also lectures on Biblical themes. Once the season is over he would be glad to settle in California.

WASHINGTON.

Vancouver.

After several months of inactivity, with its beautiful edifice idle, services were resumed July 14th in First Church, Vancouver, with an attendance of thirty. Rev. Mr. Zabler of the middle west, highly recommended by one or more Chicago leaders, has undertaken the rehabilitation of our work, the Home Missionary Society standing back of him. Needed repairs must at once be made and the Church Building Society is ready to aid therein. Vancouver, with an army post near by, is more lively than it has been for years. Ship building is calling workmen to its yards, and a resident of some years expects to see ere long a city of 25,000 people. With all material signs favorable out faithful little band is taking new courage and the hope is we are yet to have a strong church in this strategic center on the Washington side of the Columbia. Vancouver is not only the county seat of a rich country and a center of shipping interests, but more or less of a suburb of Portland, now in easy communication over the inter-state bridge recently constructed at an outlay of a million or more dollars.

FROM A PACIFIC COAST FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SAILOR SON.

What you write in regard to sex problems is all too true. I glory in your standard of honor. Keep your star on the flag. Then you will have no trouble in running the gauntlet of the passion and pestilence that are depleting so many lives. Such victory pays the largest possible dividends of self-respect and of future home love and decency. But a youth's defense must be first of all in his own disposition. I mean he must conquer with his conscience. Still you can help conscience wonderfully by preoccupying the mind and body with diverting study and with clean sport. Then have no commerce, or conversation even, with the foul-minds and foul-mouths. If you keep your own mind and mouth clean, you will not be likely to develop an appetite for "damaged goods." Evil passion is often more mental than physical at first. It is the creature of a lax imagination. Here your own mental discipline is your best deliverance. I rejoce that your ideals demand such a regimen, and that your habit has reinforced it.

Your further habit (which I think I have noticed you are cultivating), of being a spectator, as well as a participator, with reference to passing events that touch your life—this habit will give you perspective and margin, and will help to mastery also. It will save you from being stampeded into thoughtless yielding to temptation. You are evidently cutting your wisdom teeth early, and are keeping your eye peeled against nasty weather. I am sure you mean to see sufficiently all around every testing situation, so as not to be fooled or trapped.

The durable delight of a clean memory is the compensation for the courage that conquers the moment's temptation. Although it takes a bitter struggle to hold to the right today, there will be left a good taste in the mouth tomorrow and forever. And think of your good reputation in the esteem of all worthy people who know you! But a transient evil pleasure will leave a lifelong smart and stench. Then there is the girl, whom you may not leave behind you, but who still may wait before you, and for whom you should prepare a manhood as virile and as unsullied as the womanhood which you demand that she shall bring to your heart and home.

Again, as you intimate, there are your ambition and your career. They demand your fitness of character and fiber. Increasingly now preferment will come to the man who cares. The man who has compromised with the beast may bluff along for a season, but he will break early. Certainly no man with a conscience can master settled confidence for his work unless he has a settled account of rectitude in his own soul. If he compromises, his own sense his own sense of demerit will call his bluff, almost before he has entered the game. Efficiency today demands self-respect and sound living. A fellow can't rot and rise at the same time. It's a pretty clear choice. I am glad you are out to win place with honor.

SOMEWHERE.

To-night my boy is over the sea,
Somewhere, somewhere;
Up in the firing-line is he,
Somewhere, somewhere:

But I have a hand, the hand of prayer,
That can reach across and touch him there,
And set him within God's loving care,
Somewhere, somewhere.

Over the sea is the mother's boy,
Somewhere, somewhere;
Over the seas is the father's joy,
Somewhere, somewhere:

And with the morning's dawning light,
Over the top, and into the fight,
My boy will go with the Christ in white,
Somewhere, somewhere.

My boy has gone with the khaki men,
Somewhere, somewhere;
He is clearing out the Boches' den,
Somewhere, somewhere:

With a soul that knows no hate nor fear,
He fights for a sacred cause, and dear—
And yet I think that his heart is here,
Somewhere, somewhere.

—Henry Burton.

Many a man who is hungry for applause has to swallow his pride.

There are extemporaneous preachers and extemporaneous hearers The former do not think much before they go to Church. The latter do no thinking afterward.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The prayer circle of July 17th continued the study as given by H. E. Fosdick, of the Personality of God, The author develops his thought somewhat as follows. We are told some times that we limit God when we insist on his personality. But if our finite minds are to consider a God at all that is infinite, it must be a God we cannot grasp or wholly define, though we do well to consider along this line that God is no more invisible than we are, nor perhaps more impossible to define by our own minds. The best we can do is to hold up the best and most potent thing we know of and say, "God is most like that." So the materialist holds up force, the scientific agnostic holds up reason. But what really is the best and greatest thing we know of—the most far-reaching in its powers and influence. in terms of which we describe all our highest and best? Is it not persanality? So Christianity holds up personality, and says, "God is most like that."

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The sympathy of loving friends is surrounding our president, Mrs. Evans, in these days of sorrow which the loss of her mother has brought to her. She hastily left for the East last week on account of her mother's illness, but did not arrive before the light of the loving eyes was forever dimmed.

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On the first of August we will welcome back to the office after nearly four months' absence, our secretary, Miss Elizabeth Benton. Amidst the rush of events she has found time to keep us somewhat informed as to her Eastern experiences, one of which follows.

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The Training Conference for Missionaries.

No more favorable opportunity could possibly have been given me to study the organization of our missionary boards at home and in operation on the mision fields, than that afforded through the 14th Annual Training Conference for newly appointed missionaries held by the American Board at 14 Beacon street, Boston, June 11-16.

Thirty or more young people were gathered from points as far west as Ohio for this week of intensive training. Before them on successive days appeared the Prudential Committee, the officers of the Board, the various secretaries explaining the history and organization of the Board and the functions of their departments, while representatives of the Waman's Board explained their especial responsibility for women's and children's work and the relation of the Women's Boards to the American Board.

The young people also received instruction as to their relation to their home churches when on the foreign field, to their own and other governments, with their fellow missionaries and those of other Boards and with the natives and native religions. In addition to this they were shown how to make effective addresses and given some idea of the importance of interpreting their work to the home constituency through the publication department. Practical information was given regarding the planning and ordering of outfits and of ordering supplies after reaching the field.

Not all the time was spent in serious study. One afternoon the Woman's Board entertained the Conference in their rooms and again a trip to Cambridge included a tour of Harvard University and culminated in a reception at the beautiful home of Professor Moore, president of the American Board. On Sunday morning a communion service was held in the Harvard Church, Brookline, with the secretaries and friends of the Board, while the farewell service was held Sunday evening at Winchester Church. Here the candidates were grouped on the platform and as announced came forward to speak briefly of their motives and ideals for service. Two of the number were formally commissioned by the Board, the others having received their commissions in services held in their own home churches.

A number of missionary families were represented in the group: Miss Frances Woods, related to the Fairbanks family of Marathi, India; Miss Martha Van Allen, daughter of Dr. Van Allen of Madura; Miss Barbara Howland, daughter of the Howlands of Mexico, and Miss Gladys Williams, who goes back to Shansi where her father suffered martyrdom in the Boxer outrage.

Students of the Africa text books last year will be interested to know that twelve of the candidates are destined for that field, eight of them for Chisamba, West Central Africa, the other four going to South Africa. Four of those destined for Chisamba, two splendidly equipped men and their wives, are going to serve those of their own race. One of these men, Rev. Mr. MacDowell greatly impressed the Conference by introducing into one of the devotional services an old Negro melody, "I know the Lord has laid His hands on me."

I coveted for all of you the inspiring sight of these splendid young men and women all athrob with enthusiasm for their new work. However, as all those destined for India, the Philippines, China, and Japan are to sail this early fall from Pacific ports, Seattle, Vancouver and San Francisco, The Board of the Pacific can give them a welcome and wave them as much of a farewell as the strict government regulations will permit.—E. S. B.

The Methods Corner.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.
By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

Our Clerical Fund.

Any church may carry on a campaign of publicity if it wishes to do it. Our church had not seen its way to do this on account of lack of funds. We asked permission of the trustees to send out a letter to the people requesting gifts of money to be applied on advertising. This was done with splendid results and the fund was started.

This money was used for printing, postage, newspaper announcements, and ten dollars a month was paid for clerical assitance. The results were so satisfactory that the trustees included a considerable sum each year thereafter in the budget for clerical service. The clerk keeps up the membership card index and looks after the Church Clerk's records, posts up the Treasurer's books, makes out the quarterly statements, makes programs and writes letters and does things of that sort.

In order to supplement the fund and increase its usefulness we have given a number of lectures and moving picture exhibitions during the year and by silver offerings alone have added about $150.00. This is all over and

above the budget that is adopted by the church at the beginning of the year. Once during the year we sent out a special appeal asking for gifts of $2.00 each, the exact amount of Sunday announcements in the newspaper. The people responded with sixty or seventy dollars.

Twice during the year we have had public displays of church publicity material in the church and these have interested the people in our publicity campaign. Our church is always having something going on. There is a meeting or a lecture or a social or a play or something and one reason is because we advertise our activities and let the people know about them.

Every once in a while we have a good chance to see how our publicity works. Recently we decided late in the week to review "The Glory of the Trenches," in the pulpit on Sunday night. We inserted a small announcement in the newspaper on Sunday morning. In the evening we had a large, eager, and appreciative audience. We know the advertising brought them out because the Sunday evening before was very slimly attended. They were interested in the subject and came. Any church can have money to advertise its work if the minister will present the Clerical Fund plan. It is simple and it works.

Two Good Books.

"Church Finance," by Frederick A. Agar, published by the Misionary Education Movement of New York, is a crisp presentation of modern methods (50c.).

"Modern Church Finance," by Albert F. McGarrah, published by F. H. Revell Co., N. Y. ($1.25), is a very interesting and useful book.

AMERICAN CHURCH OFFICIAL HONORED IN PARIS.

For the first time in its history, the Divinity School of Paris has overstepped its traditions and has confered the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, now in Paris as the Federal Council's special commissioner to aid the French Protestant churches.

That Dr. Macfarland brings more than spiritual sympathy and aid was shown at a recent meeting of the French United Protestant Committee for War Relief in France and Belgium, held in the Church of the Oratoire, Paris, when he formally presented to the Committee 100,000 francs which had been raised in this country by the American United Committee on Christian Service for Relief in France and Belgium.

In speaking before the Committee, Dr. Macfarland said, "If, in this hour, we should falter and should fail, it would turn the world back for generations. It would mean that international morality would perish from the earth and its renaissance would wait for the future to develop a new nation upon earth. Democracy would be a specious pretense. Equality would find its way to the nomenclature of satire and derision. Equality would be the merest cant. Fraternity would cease to be even the semblance of an affectation. All of our long cultivated ideals of international benevolence, our conceptions of international morality, our apprehensions of brotherhood, our whole moral universe, all that has been the cargo of what we in America have loved to call the Ship of State, should we to-day accept unholy compromise, would all, to use a term now classic, be spurlos versenkt."

The messages presented by Dr. Macfarland "To the French People" and "To the French and Allied Armies" have made a deep impression and have been given wide publicity in the French press, wth appreciative editorial comment. Maurice Barres, of the French Academy, says in Echo de Paris, "France has never in the course of centuries received more beautiful messages than these." Dr. Macfarland, who during his stay in France is the guest of the French government, has been received by President Poincare and Premier Clemenceau. The latter expressed great satisfaction with American progress in the war and greeted Dr. Macfarland as "the first of the second million men."

"EVERY MAN JACK OF US."

The American women on war service in Paris were addressed by Harry Emerson Fosdick, of Union Theological Seminary, at one of the Friday evening addresses at Hotel Petrograd (the American Young Women's Christian Association Hostess House), in a simple, straight-forward, straight-dealing talk, "confidential like, as between man and man." The war is bringing men and women into the confidence and breadth of relationship which marks true good fellowship among men. When Mr. Fosdick referred to the members of his women audience as "every man Jack of us"—perhaps it did ring with the colloquialism of the front trenches, but every woman there recognized more clearly her serious and essential place in the war world because she could be talked to in this way.

This keen observer has been on the actual front, at the listening posts, he has been up in an airship over the lines, he has talked with officers who believe that wireless destruction will be the next invention of hideous war, and he has met men, "roughnecks," out of whose mouths flowed "liquid blasphemy," who, when they met little children on the street of a half-ruined village, went with the children to see their home, spent all their pay filling the larder which had been empty for days, and collected 200 francs to pay the funeral expenses of the baby who had just died.

American soldiers never can resist the appeal of little children, and, Mr. Fosdick concluded, "Never again will I call any man commonplace." Every woman there felt a benediction of the spirit when the story was told of the child who saw a star near the moon and knew that God had put out a service flag for his Son.

AFTER THE WAR.

All of our wrongs shall be righted
After the war;
None of our tasks will be slighted
After the war;
Women will all be gay,
Children will sing and play,
All our investments will pay
After the war.

Nothing at sixes and sevens
After the war;
All of our hells will be heavens
After the war;
Weary will get a rest,
Misery will be blest,
Worst will become the best
After the war.

What if, readier-hearted
During the war,
Some of these good things were started
During the war?
Wouldn't we multiply
The chances that you and I
Might be happy by and by,
After the war?

—Amos R. Wells in Life.

Helps By the Way.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

Very early I perceived that the object of life is to grow. —Margaret Fuller.

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In every feast remember there are two guests to be entertained—the body and the soul; and what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains forever.—Epictetus.

✣ ✣ ✣

It is when we are most sensitive to God's voice that we are most ourselves; and those are the golden moments of opportunity that we must seize upon and utilize for decision or for action, before the preoccupation of lesser things surges in again upon our spirits.—Henry Kingman.

✣ ✣ ✣

Oh, keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee;—
Perfection lies in this.

✣ ✣ ✣

Cherish every reverent thought, every aspiration to a pure and noble manhood, every drawing towards faith, charity, piety, because God is under them and speaking through them; and soon you will feel that your whole moral and spiritual life is brought into direct relations to God, and his authority and influence everywhere reach you.—I. E. Dwinell.

✣ ✣ ✣

Take your estimate of life and your principle of life from your highest moments. We all are at certain times lifted above our ordinary plane of thought and feeling. There are moments when we breathe diviner air and see things in a more revealing light. * * * Take your views of life and your aims in life from these. * * * Set your watches by the sun-dials, and not by the fog-bells. Get your estimates of life not from Zola but from St. John.—Matthew Henry Buckham.

✣ ✣ ✣

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
And we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the
song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or, if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

✣ ✣ ✣

The thing that lasts in the universe is God's kindness, which continues "from everlasting to everlasting." What a revelation of God! If only our hearts could open to the full acceptance of that thought, sorrow and care and anxiety, and every other form of trouble would fade away, and we should be at rest. The infinite, undying imperishable love of God is mine. Older than the mountains, deeper than their roots, wider than the heavens, and stronger than all my sin, is the love that grasps me and keeps me and will not let me go, and lavishes its tenderness upon me, and woos me, and rebukes me, and corrects me.—Alexander Maclaren.

✣ ✣ ✣

I asked the roses as they grew richer and lovelier in their hue what made their tints so rich and bright. They answered, "Looking toward the light."

VICTORY BY WAITING.

It is a thousand times harder to stand still and wait than to go forward under difficulties. The waiting quietly allows too much time for doubting as to the result, and we grow fearful of defeat.

Every soldier, no matter how brave he may be, well knows how often the heart failed and the nerves grew tremulous when a great battle was imminent; how the enemy's resources were canvassed, their probable strength magnified until the stoutest heart quailed at the prospect of awful results. But when the time of action arrived, all fear was swept away in the struggle for victory, and every nerve was steel. The cowardice and dread were born of the inaction, the weary waiting for what was inevitable. Life is full of stopping places that are far from restful. The wheels stand still or turn so slowly that each revolution is painful. Other lives seem full of pleasure and happy in their healthy activity, and this makes the crippled ones seem all the sadder by contrast.

And yet great victories may be achieved even while resting on our arms. If life were measured by time and the work all ended here, then we might well grow impatient at enforced inactivity. The patient guard who stands with folded arms where his commander has placed him is doing duty as well as the color-bearer who leads the hosts to active combat, and though some stray shot may find its way to where he stands waiting and relieve him from a picket's duty here, it will be told up yonder how he served by standing still.

"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed.
What though the seed be cast by the wayside,
And the birds take it? Yet the birds are fed."

This waiting for better things and hoping ofttimes against hope forms a large part of every Christian life. We know in whom we have believed, and yet the things longed for, prayed for, seem to slip farther and farther from us; the waiting time is long, but the end is sure and it may be the delay, even, will make it the sweeter.

The longer the night that is starless, the more welcome the rosy morning light, though it break slowly.

Let us be patient then at all times, knowing full well that the Father knows how hard it is to simply stand still and wait.—Letitia C. Wait.

✣ ✣ ✣

"How, O Lord, shall we follow Thee?"
I heard one sadly say;
"Whither Thou goest we cannot see;
How can we know the way?"
"I am the way," the Shepherd said;
"He that dwelleth in love
Dwelleth in me, and shall be led
Safe to the fold above."

—Washington Gladden.

✣ ✣ ✣

SELF SEEKING.

"What selfishness asked for
Was vain;
What came for that asking
Brought pain.
"Heaven's manna in keeping
Was spoiled;
All beauty self-seeking
Hath soiled."

✣ ✣ ✣

We are so tried and tossed, so compassed round with pain, so much, apparently, the sport of fanciful passions, so curiously framed, as it were, for temptation, with high aspirations living in us, along with base desires, so hovering ever on the verge of good and ill, so weak to choose the good,

so troubled by the necessity of battle, when our heart is weary with the passionate longing for rest, that God knows we want some sympathy higher than any one on earth can give us,—some sympathy which will not weaken, but strengthen, some certainty that the eternal love and righteousness can feel with us and assist us.—F. W. Robertson.

The Home.

CAN WE CURE OURSELVES OF WORRYING?

Can we really cure worry? Can we actually stop what we are all prone to do; bring an anxiety into our minds that makes for worry? For life is full of chances to worry—no doubt of that.

That we can absolutely cure worry admits of no question.

The first important truth to learn is that we cannot escape from worry so long as we permit the causes for worry to remain active in our lives. We must first take hold of the causes; do away with what causes us worry. And the way to do this, first of all, to train the mind to think positive thoughts. For instance, you hear your children making a loud noise. Instinctively you say to yourself: "The noise of those children will drive me crazy." Now don't do that. The moment that thought comes to you stop! Banish it; calm your nerves and control your mind by thinking like this: "The noises of those children are simply innocent; they will not drive me crazy; they won't hurt me at all." I know a patient who absolutely overcame insomnia in this way. When he retired the thought would always come to his mind: "I cannot sleep." Of course he didn't sleep. Then he simply changed it and said: "I can sleep, I can sleep, I will sleep. " And he did sleep, and cured himself of stubborn insomnia.

No amount of mental resolution and moral determination, in and of themselves, will be able to overthrow and cast out worry. Positive thinking is not only required in the battle against worry, but it is essential that our positive thinking shall also be opposite thinking. That is, we must overcome worry with its opposite mental states: we must cultivate faith and trust. This is the one vital factor in the permanent cure of worry. Here is the idea in concrete: Replace the worry thought with an opposite thought which will make the mind happy and enthuse the soul. Drive out fear-thought by exercising faith-thought. This is the only cure for worry, and when backed up by the strong resolution of a determined will this method will always be found effective without any exception. Then when you have commanded the mind to cease worrying keep right after it, and see that it does. In all these little things that harass one's soul, as some one has said: "Don't forget to remember the probability that you have not, as the possibility that you have, made a mistake."

The secret of the self-treatment of worry is the cultivation and acquirement of self-control. You must be captain of your own mind. Summon to your aid all possible spiritual help, moral resolution and mental decision. Dictate positive commands to the faculties which direct the physical sensations that influence the bodily state, and you will be amazed how they will obey you. Learn to be a master of your moods. Keep the mind filled with faith-thoughts. Fear-thought is the ancestor of all worry; and do not forget that fear-thoughts can only be successfully driven out of the mind by faith-thoughts. Persistently cultivate cheerfulness, confidence, restfulness and trustfulness.

Learn to Discount Your Anxieties.

The majority of our fears and many of our sensations should be liberally discounted. We should not form the habit of taking our emotions and feelings too seriously. They are very liable to impose upon us, to alarm and frighten us unduly. We will find it exceedingly difficult, of course, to exercise self-control over some fears and worries, but look at the results! They are certainly worth the hardest kind of effort.

But do not make the mistake of resisting worry as such. It is increased many times by all effort to overcome it in this manner. The strain of the effort makes it increasingly more difficult to stop the strains of worry. Do not dignify every little petty fear with so much attention. Learn, as I say, liberally to discount all your fears, emotions, sensations and worries. In all the realms of human experience there are to be found no greater deceivers than these imps of false fear and sham feeling.

What most of us need to get rid of our worries is to practice the art of minimizing our difficulties. Do not look at your obstacles with a magnifying-glass. Make up your mind that in many instances you will be able to rise triumphant over apparent defeat and move right on in the even tenor of your way. Do not become greatly disturbed by the little ripples of life which pass through your experience from day to day. Don't take everything too seriously. Get some joy and pleasure out of life. Learn to live only one day at a time. You need not live your past life over every day. Don't borrow trouble from the future.

Abraham Lincoln had a splendid motto for every trouble that came to him. He would simply say: "And this, too, will pass." There is a good deal of common-sense in that saying of the street: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

Pin Your Worries Down to Facts.

Pin your worries down to definite facts. Most of our difficulties are vague and indefinite. Many of our fears and worries are wholly imaginary. Try the practice of writing down in black and white the objects of your worry. This has helped hundreds. The process of writing worries down will usually disclose their absurdity and assist in the work of overcoming them.

Another simple idea that has helped thousands is the old plan of selecting one hundred beans, and, as the beans are dropped one by one into a bag, repeat the following: "The worry is in the bean, and the bean is in the bag."

If you are suffering from "fictitious" worry make a "declaration of emancipation." Ask yourself if your worry isn't about some unreal situations. If you find it otherwise, if it is real, then tell yourself that further worry is only useless; that it only makes a bad matter worse. Then resolve not to worry further, and follow up your resolution so as to really do it.

I must, of course, differentiate between the man or woman who is trying to overcome worry and still conscientiously perform his or her duties to the world, and the common ne'er-do-well who neither worries nor thinks—happy-go-lucky sort of individuals are they—caring neither for their own progress nor for the progress and betterment of the world. They drift with the stream of time, taking everything just as it comes to them. I do not make a plea for the development of such as these. I recognize the necessity for thought, deliberation, meditation—for carefully weighing one's problems and difficulties. I believe in the concrete attention that belongs to every problem. It is that chronic mental state, resulting from long-continued fret and distrust, doubt and despair, from which we are all seeking relief.

I wish we could all trust "Mother Nature" a little more than we do. Having done our part in the scheme of life how long will it be before we can quietly and confidently depend on Nature to do the rest? This we can do by thinking health-thoughts instead of disease-thoughts. Take your mind off your diseases, your aches and pains. Let the mind dwell upon the wonderful provisions which Nature affords for regaining health. Think of the fresh air, pure water and good food, and engage in exercise of the body. Come close to Nature herself and replace the thoughts of disease with a mental current bearing messages of health and strength. Exercise good emotions, even if you have to put them on for the time being, and you will joyfully discover that ere long you have actually become what you at one time had to pretend to be. Let the mind be occupied with health efforts in the place of anxiety and evil foreboding. Give attention to the cultivation of health, and little time will be left for sorrow and sadness.

Cheering Others Up Will Cheer You Up.

I know of a great many people who have cured themselves of chronic worry and despondency by simply enlisting in the "cheering-up business"—that is, going about systematically and persistently cheering other people up. A constant effort to help other people to cease worrying is sure to react favorably upon ourselves and prove of great assistance to us in our battle to banish fear-thoughts and worry.

Laughter and light-heartedness are of real and tremendous value in the treatment of these melancholic subjects of chronic fear. They seem to serve the purpose of relieving the "attention spasm"; they get the mind off itself for a moment, and contribute greatly to the ability of the individual to take up a new line of thought.

Cultivate the society of children and cheerful adults. There is many a chronic worrier about the home who would be cured by the advent or the adoption of a bright-faced baby. Children's light-hearted freedom from care and worry is contagious, and the men and women who live with them find it easier to live the "faith life" than the "fear life."

And as you come into contact with other people cultivate the ability to forget some things about them as well as the ability to remember others.

The Real Road to Deliverance.

Years of experience with myself and observation of others have convinced me that the less attention we pay to the function of any organ in the body the more regular and healthful that organ becomes in its action. This is why dyspeptics should never engage in the discussion of diet at mealtime. If you want the stomach to do regular work and good work keep your mind off it when it has food in it. Do all your study of diet between meals, but at the table never think of your stomach. Every effort should be made to promote good digestion, and it is imperative that chronic constipation be removed. Combat portal congestion or stagnation of blood in the liver by making frequent pressure over the abdomen or wearing at night a moist abdominal bandage covered with waterproof, and with dry flannel on the outside. Engage in exercises for the strengthening of the abdominal muscles.

An effort should be made, by proper breathing, to keep the blood circulating in the skin. Drink lots of water each day, eight glasses if you can, never with meals, however. Take cold baths and rub the body vigorously. Practice deep breathing all you can; few things will do more good. Don't sleep in close, stuffy bedrooms. It is really a crime. Come as near as you can to sleeping outdoors if circumstances make it possible.

These are simple rules, I know, but they are the best.

And last, but not least, if you would be successful in completely and finally overcoming worry do something helpful for your neighbor now and then. Live the Golden Rule. Do not allow your own artificial needs to accumulate unnecessarily and demand all your time. Reserve a little energy for Good Samaritan work and you will finish the day's tasks refreshed and satisfied, instead of hungry, thirsty and dissatisfied.

And of all things do not make the mistake of worrying now because you have worried in the past. Make a rule of saying and believing that "yesterday ended last night." Watch your habitual expression and cultivate one that is cheerful and happy. It will react on the mind and greatly help you in your fight against worry, and, finally, if persisted in you will win out.—W. S. Sadler, M. D.

"CLEAN AND STRONG."

Five thousand copies of "Clean and Strong," by Rev. E. A. King and Rev. F. B. Meyer, the sex hygiene book published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass., have been given to the soldiers and sailors. Everywhere the book goes it starts in motion good influences and the way it is being used justifies the effort made in distributing it.

The plan of distribution is to purchase the book from the publishers and mail or give copies to the men in service. No books are sold to men in uniform; they are given free. At Sacramento, the other day, the State Convention of Christian Endeavor pased resolutions endorsing the "War Program" of the United Society, and this places on record the whole State Union as determined to place this little book in every soldier's and sailor's hand—especially those who go into service from California. Some Unions in the State have already sent copies to every young man that has gone into service from its societies. Dr. Daniel Poling, Associate President, with Dr. Frances E. Clark, says that it is the purpose of the United Society to see that a copy of the Bible and a copy of "Clean and Strong" goes to every soldier and sailor. Any Society, or any individual, may write to Rev. E. A. King, pastor of the Congregational Church, San Jose, or to Mr. A. J. Shartle, Mt. Vernon and Hancock St., Boston, Mass., for information. A book will be sent to any address for 50 cents.

For The Children.

THE PRETTIEST FREESIA.

Celia Brooks walked along the street through the snow of a January morning. She had gone to carry home some sewing to the large house on the hill, and as a reward she had received a box of beautiful flowers from the lady who lived there.

On the way Celia stopped at a little store to buy a few things, and while waiting for her packages to be wrapped up, she opened the box for another look at her precious flowers. One by one she held up the individual stalks. There were six of them. On each grew several trumpet-shaped blossoms, pure white save for a small yellow blotch, and with a sweet, delicate perfume.

"Freesias, Mrs. Morris called them," she remarked to herself. "My, but they're handsome! Just think of her giving them to me. But then she has so many flowers she doesn't mind."

"Hello, Celia! What've you got?" she heard a voice call out. Turning she saw behind her Addie Jones, who

lived in the tenement house next to her own home.

Celia showed her one of the flower stalks.

"They're freesias." She pronounced the name proudly. "There, my things are ready. I've got to go." She closed the box quickly to shut the blossoms from Addie's sight.

She started on towards home but Addie followed and kept by her side.

"Say, Celia, won't you give me one?" she asked at length. "I never had any pretty flowers like that."

"I never did either," Celia answered. Yet something in Addie's tone produced a change in her feelings.

"I s'pose if she had six and wouldn't give me any I'd think she was stingy," she reflected. "Yes, I'll give you one," she called to Addie, "but you'll have to wait till you get home. I can't take it out here in the cold."

When they had gone some distance farther they met two other children who lived in their neighborhood.

"Celia's got some white flowers,' announced Addie. "The prettiest ones you ever saw, and sweet! Why, I b'lieve you can smell 'em right through the box. And she's going to give me one."

"Let's see! the others cried.

"I can't," Celia answered. They'll freeze in this cold air."

"All of you come into my house," suggested Addie.

"O yes, we will," agreed the other two.

"What shall I do?" Celia was thinking. I'll have to give them all one and they were meant for me. But I promised Addie, so Ive got to go.

Just before they reached Addie's home two other girls joined them.

"Celia's got some flowers she's going to show us," cried the first three. Come in with us."

Celia's heart sank. Would she have to give away all her flowers?

"I had so many, and I shall only have one," she thought.

"Now let's see them," exclaimed the impetuous group when all were inside.

Celia opened the box slowly. A chorus of "Oh's" greeted the appearance of the blossoms, then "I wish I had some," was repeated over and over.

Celia looked at the five pairs of longing eyes.

"They don't have flowers either," she considered, "and they want 'em as much as I do. I s'pose I'd feel the same if one of them had 'em."

One after another she picked up the slender stalks with their snowy blossoms and gave them out to the waiting band.

"Don't let 'em freeze," she cautioned. She tore into small pieces the paper which had wrapped the flowers. "Here, put them in this." Then with her lone flower she left the house and went on to her own home.

"I b'lieve I've got the prettiest one anyway," she declared when she took it from the box. She held it up and examined it carefully. "There couldn't be a handsomer one. And maybe, after all, it's better for six people to be happy than just one."

Surely Celia was right, and do you know, I think that it was the sharing of her treasures which imparted such great beauty to the one flower that she kept for herself.—Edith Larrabee.

Two artists went out to paint each a picture of peace. One painted a silvery lake embossed deep among the hills, where no storm could ever touch it—calm, sweet, quiet in its shelter. The other painted a wild sea, swept by tempests strewn with wrecks, but rising out of the sea, a great rock, and in the rock, high up, a cleft with herbage and flowers, amid which, on her nest, a dove was sitting. The latter is the true picture of Christian peace.—J. R. Miller.

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